



A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

APR.

10¢

NO. 27

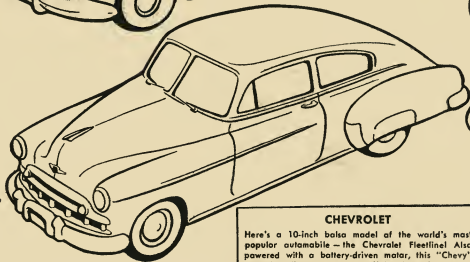
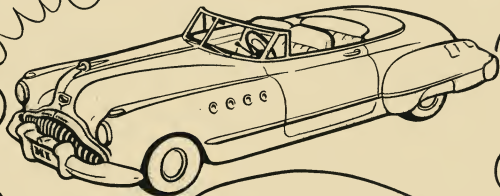
A full-page illustration of a man, Lash Larue, sitting on a dark horse. He is wearing a dark, long-sleeved shirt, dark pants, and a wide-brimmed hat. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The horse is facing left. The background shows a rocky, hilly landscape with some trees.

IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE KING'S
RANSOM!**

HEY GANG!
 LET'S BUILD THESE
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
 FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

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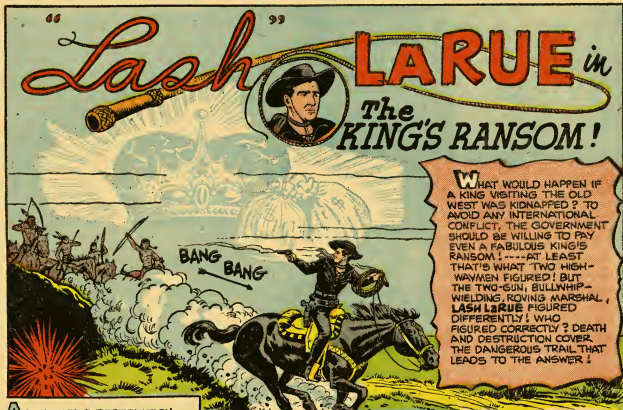


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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A KING VISITING THE OLD WEST WAS KIDNAPPED? TO AVOID ANY INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT, THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE WILLING TO PAY EVEN A FABULOUS KING'S RANSOM! ---- AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT TWO HIGH-WAYMEN FIGURED! BUT THE TWO-GUN, BULLWHIP-WIELDING, ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LaRUE FIGURED DIFFERENTLY! WHO FIGURED CORRECTLY? DEATH AND DESTRUCTION COVER THE DANGEROUS TRAIL THAT LEADS TO THE ANSWER!

AT THE OPAJI RESERVATION---

IT IS THE DECISION, BEAR FOOT AND RUNNING TOAD, THAT SINCE YOU TWO HAVE STOLEN FROM THE TRIBE THAT YOU BE BANISHED FROM THE OPAJI RESERVATION FOREVER!

WHAT CHIEF SAY IS DECISION OF WHOLE COUNCIL! YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO COLLECT BELONGINGS AND GO, OR WE RUN YOU OFF!



TOO BAD WE GOT CAUGHT, RUNNING TOAD! NOW HAVE TO SHIFT ENTIRELY FOR SELVES!

NOT SO BAD, BEAR FOOT! NOW WE CONCENTRATE ON ROBBING PALEFACES! THEY MUCH RICHER THAN INDIANS! MAYBE THIS LUCKY BREAK!





LATER --
TOSS
WAMPUM
DOWN
AND NO
GET HURT!

YUH INDIANS SURE
PICKED THE WRONG
CUSTOMERS TO HOLD
UP! MY PARTNER
AND I ARE POORER
THAN A DESERTED
GOLD MINE! SEARCH
US AND SEE FER
YORESELVES!



THEY
TELL TRUTH!
HAVE NO
MONEY
ON THEM!

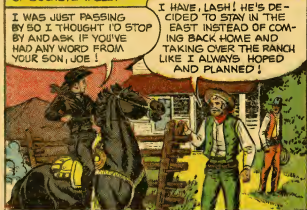
WHAT MAKES THIS A
REAL JOKE IS THAT
WE'RE IN THE SAME
BUSINESS AS YUH TWO!



SINCE
PALEFACE
BANDITS,
TOO, YOU
NO TELL
ON US
SO WE
LET YOU
GO!

THANKS, PARONERS!
MAYBE WE CAN RETURN
THE FAVOR ONE OF THESE
DAYS!
LET'S HEAD FER
SOCKEYE VALLEY!

MEANWHILE AT THE KING RANCH, ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF SOCKEYE VALLEY---



I WAS JUST PASSING
BY SO I THOUGHT I'D STOP
BY AND ASK IF YOU'VE
HAD ANY WORD FROM
YOUR SON, JOE!

I HAVE, LASH! HE'S DECIDED
TO STAY IN THE
EAST INSTEAD OF COMING
BACK HOME AND
TAKING OVER THE RANCH
LIKE I ALWAYS HOPED
AND PLANNED!



THAT'S TOO BAD FOR
YOUR SAKE, SAM,
BUT JOE ALWAYS
WAS A GOOD SON,
SO MAYBE HE
KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING!

MAYBE SO,
BUT HE
SURE ISN'T
MAKING ME
HAPPY!

HEY, LASH, IF
YOU'RE RIDING
INTO TOWN WOULD
YOU DO ME A
FAVOR?



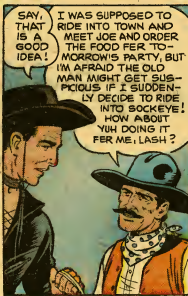
SURE,
WHAT
IS IT?

LET'S GO OVER HERE
WHERE SAM KING CAN'T
HEAR US! HIS SON JOE
IS COMING HOME ON
THE STAGE
TODAY!



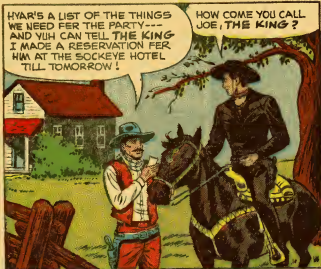
THEN
WHAT'S
THE IDEA
OF NOT
TELLING
SAM?

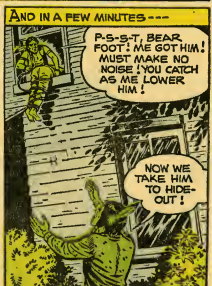
TOMORROW'S THE OLD
MAN'S BIRTHDAY AND
ALL THE HANDS THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE A SWEET
SURPRISE PARTY IF HE
WALKED IN THEN!

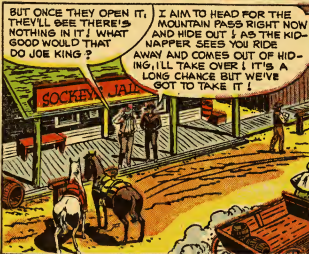
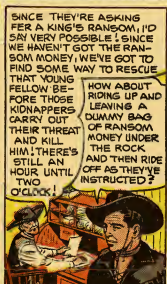
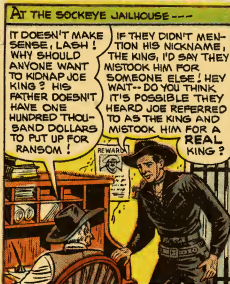
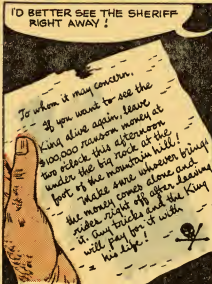


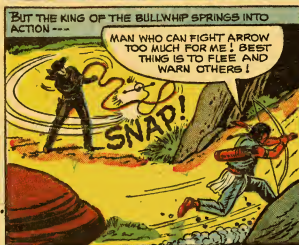
SAY,
THAT
IS A
GOOD
IDEA!

I WAS SUPPOSED TO
RIDE INTO TOWN AND
MEET JOE AND ORDER
THE FOOD FER TO-
MORROW'S PARTY, BUT
I'M AFRAID THE OLD
MAN MIGHT GET SUS-
PICIOUS IF I SUDDEN-
LY DECIDE TO RIDE
INTO SOCKEYE!
HOW ABOUT
YUH DOING IT
FER ME, LASH?









WHEN LASH ARRIVES AT THE OPAJI RESERVATION--

YOU HAVE MY WORD THE OPAJIS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH KIDNAPPING! THAT IS, ALL THE HONORABLE BRAVES! I CANNOT SPEAK FOR THE TWO BANISHED WARRIORS!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND THEM?

THEY HAVE HIDE-OUT NEAR CREEK IN MOUNTAIN! THAT IS WHERE WE FIND LOOT THEY STEAL FROM RESERVATION!

THANKS, CHIEF! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH! I'M SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK NOW!

AT THE HIDE-OUT--

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HOLDING UP RUNNING TOAD! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO!

IF YUH THINK HE'S COMING BACK WITH ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS YORE WASTING YORE TIME! NOBODY I KNOW WHO'D WORRY ABOUT RESCUING ME HAS THAT MUCH MONEY!

STOP YORE LYING! WE KNOW YO'RE A KING AND THE GOVERNMENT WILL GLADLY PAY THE MONEY TO AVOID AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

SLAP!

OKAY, HAVE IT YORE WAY, BUT I'M TELLING YUH, YUH MADE A MISTAKE! I'M NO KING! I'M JOE KING!

HOLD IT, KUSS! MAYBE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH! LOOK AT ALL THESE PAPERS! THEY ALL SAY HE'S JOE KING AND THAT HE LIVES ON THE KING RANCH IN SOCKEYE!

THE OPAJI RESERVATION IS IN SOCKEYE, TOO, SO BEAR FOOT CAN TELL US IF THERE IS SUCH A SPREAD AS THE KING RANCH!

ME HEAR OF IT! IT RUN BY OLD SAM KING!

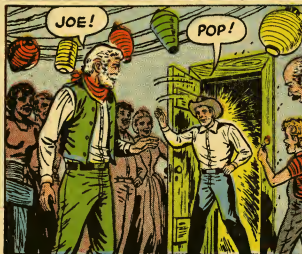
AND I'M HIS SON, JOE!

THEN WE DID MAKE A MISTAKE! AND FOR ALL WE KNOW, THE REASON RUNNING TOAD HADN'T RETURNED IS BECAUSE HE'S BEEN CAUGHT! WE BETTER YAMOOSSE!

YO'RE RIGHT, CINDERS, BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOMBRE ALIVE TO IDENTIFY US! I'LL FILL HIM FULL OF HOLES AND THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!

SNAP!

IT LOOKS AS IF I FOUND THIS HIDE-OUT JUST IN TIME!



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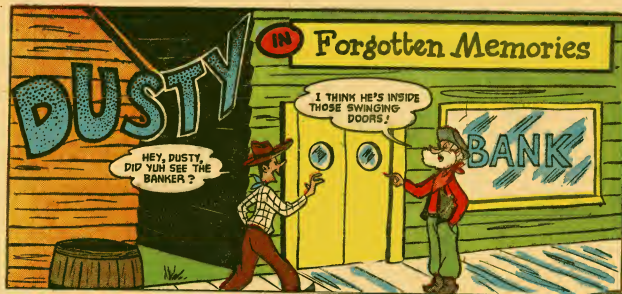
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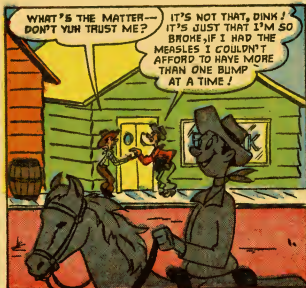
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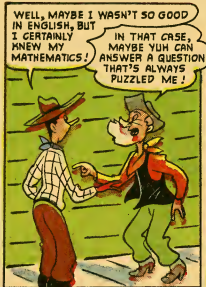
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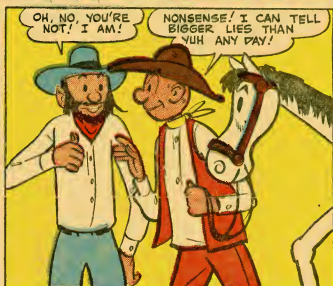
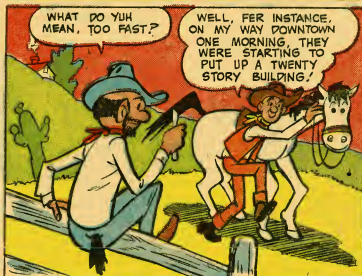


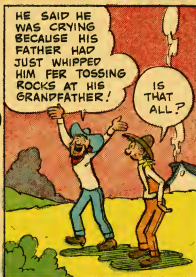
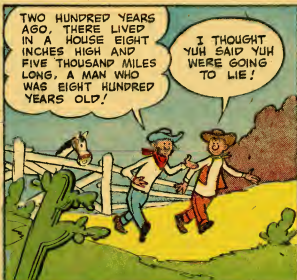
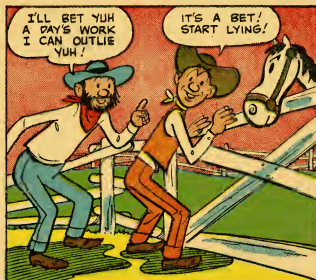


LASH LARUE WESTERN









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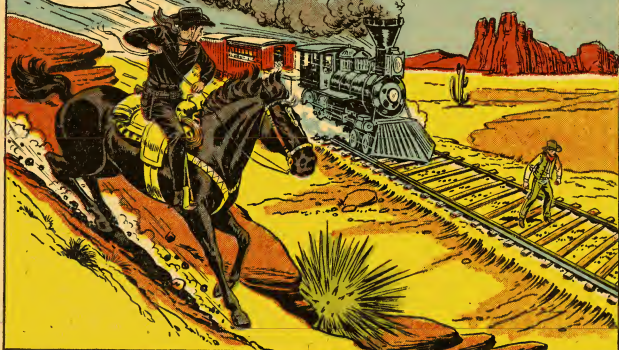
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Lash LARUE

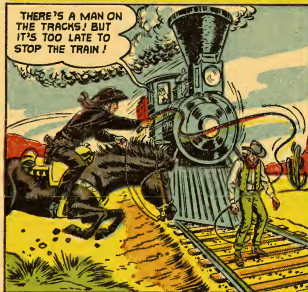


in
**The CASE of the
CROAKING FROG**

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT LOCO HOMBRE?
IS HE BLIND OR IS HE
TRYING TO COMMIT
SUICIDE?



THERE'S A MAN ON
THE TRACKS! BUT
IT'S TOO LATE TO
STOP THE TRAIN!



BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR THE KING OF THE
BULLWHIP TO CARRY OUT A HAIR-RAISING RESCUE!

NOW TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT
THAT JASPER THOUGHT HE
WAS DOING!



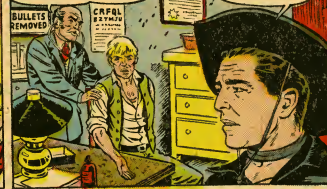
WHY THAT POOR CRITTER LOOKS AS IF HE'S IN A DAZE! I'D BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!



AT THE LOCAL DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DAZE IS RIGHT, LASH! THIS MAN IS SO FULL OF DOPE, IT'S NO WONDER HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

DOPE? BUT IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SELL THAT HORRIBLE STUFF! WHERE COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN IT?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT THAT'S THE FIFTH PERSON I'VE SEEN LIKE THIS IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS!

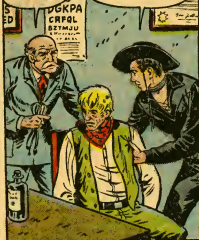
I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF! MAYBE WHEN THE DRUG WEARS OFF WE CAN GET HIM TO TALK!

AT THE JAILHOUSE

I'LL LOCK HIM UP, LASH, BUT AS FAR AS GETTING A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM, FORGET IT! I TRIED GETTING THE REST OF THE DOPE ADDICTS I FOUND TO TALK, BUT THEY JUST WON'T!

DOPE MAKES SUCH SLAYES OUT OF THOSE WHO USE THE HORRIBLE STUFF, THAT THE FEAR OF NOT GETTING ANY MORE OF THE DRUG KEEPS THEM FROM TALKING!

DRUGS DON'T GROW IN THESE PARTS! THAT MEANS THEY'RE BEING SMUGGLED IN! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW?



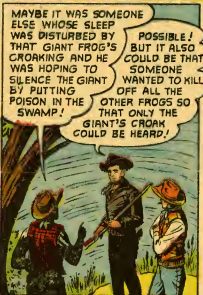
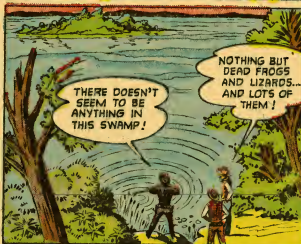
NO! THERE ARE TWO ENTRANCES INTO THE TOWN AND THE SHERIFF'S HAD BOTH OF THEM COVERED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY FOR A MONTH, BUT NO ONE'S EVEN TRIED TO SMUGGLE IN A SPECK OF DOPE!

WHAT THE DEPUTY SAYS IS THE TRUTH, LASH, AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS A REAL MYSTERY! WE KNOW THE DOPE IS GETTING THROUGH SOMEHOW!

COULDN'T THEY BE BRINGING THE DOPE IN FROM THE RIVER?

THEY SURE COULD, BUT THERE HASN'T BEEN A RIVER BOAT IN THESE PARTS IN SEVERAL MONTHS! SO YUH CAN FORGET THAT, TOO!





YUH MEAN YUH THINK THAT'S WHERE THE DOPE COMES FROM?

IT'S WORTH INVESTIGATING! EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY RIVER BOATS AROUND LATELY, THE LAST ONE THAT DID PASS MONTHS AGO COULD HAVE DROPPED OFF ENOUGH DOPE ON THAT ISLAND TO LAST FOR A YEAR!



SHORTLY AFTER....

WAIT HERE! I SHOULDN'T BE GONE TOO LONG!



THERE'S A BIG CAVE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ISLAND! IF SOMEONE WERE STORING DOPE THERE, THAT'D BE THE MOST NATURAL PLACE TO STOCK IT!

LASH SOON REACHES THE ISLAND....

NOW TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT CAVE, FIRST!



BUT THE CAVE IS AS FAR AS LASH HAS TO GO....

THIS IS THE HIDING PLACE ALL RIGHT! AND IT'S LUCKY I FOUND IT NOW BECAUSE IT SEEMS THAT THE DOPE IS PRACTICALLY ALL GONE AND I'LL NEED IT FOR EVIDENCE...



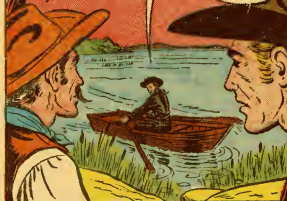
...TO CONVICT THE DOPE SMUGGLERS WHEN AND IF WE CATCH THEM! NOW TO REPORT BACK TO THE SHERIFF!



WELL, LASH?

IT'S THERE ALL RIGHT!

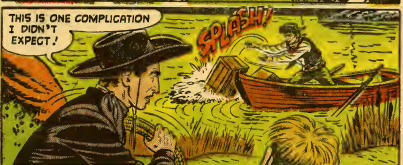
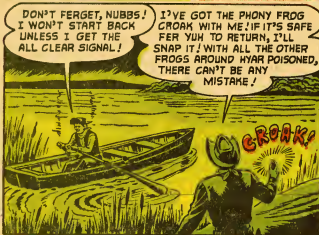
THEN WHY DIDN'T YUH BRING THE DOPE BACK WITH YUH?

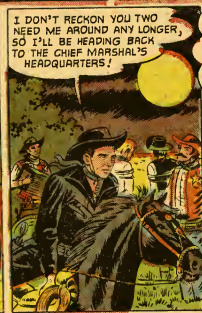
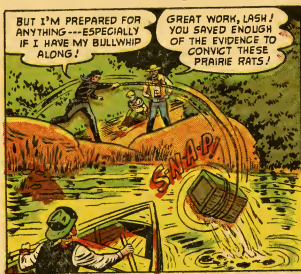


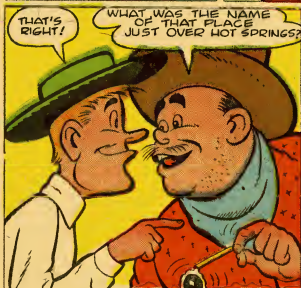
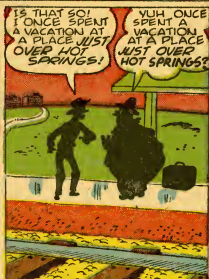
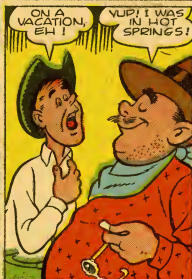
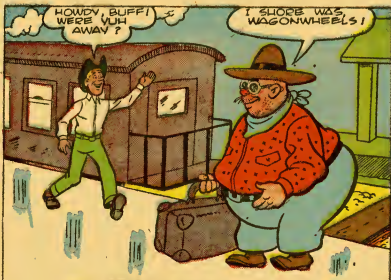
BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THE HOMBRES WITH THE EVIDENCE ON THEM TO CONVICT THEM!

IF THEY'VE SEEN US AROUND HYAR, THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK!











THE FOUR X STETSON



By Joe K. Jones

"TOMMY FLANDERS! You thinkin' about that hat again?" Joe Butler, owner of the livery, broke into Tommy's day-dream. His voice was sharp, but not unkind. "You're not going to buy it, are you? Wait another ten years till you're twenty-four before you even *think* of wearing a hat like that. Now git and take care of those horses. I'm trying to run a livery stable. We've got trouble enough on our hands without . . ." He walked into the back of the stable, muttering to himself.

The first time Tommy saw the Stetson it took his breath away. It lay on the shelf of the general store, cream colored felt as soft as doeskin, with a high creased crown and a broad sweeping brim. This was a real hat—a Four X Stetson—and it cost fifty dollars. For Tommy it might just as well have been fifty thousand.

He had been in the store so often to look at the hat that it was one of the town jokes.

Fingering his floppy, weatherbeaten felt, he jammed it onto his unruly straw-colored hair and returned to his work. Rodeo week and all he had was an old hand-me-down hat! The horse he was currying shifted under Tommy's violence. Old Joe was right, though. With responsibility for thousands of dollars worth of trained cow ponies and high bred racers on his shoulders, he couldn't humor Tommy's day-dreaming about a hat.

He moved to the stall where the champion cow pony of his friend Jess Henry danced a restless ballet. Jess had won the calf throwing contest of the Tri-State Association four years in a row and he was determined to make it five straight against some pretty fierce competition. There were rumors of foul play against Jess. Brud Quealey, runner up the last two years, had been offering large bets on himself.

Practically all of the Rodeo ponies except Brud's were stabled with Joe Butler. Tommy thought it strange that Brud should keep his horse on a ranch miles away from the Fair Grounds when the livery was much closer.

The sudden clanging of the fire bell shook Tommy from his reverie. He ran out into the

center of the town with Joe Butler on his heels. Everybody moved toward the bell in front of the general store. Even from a distance they could hear men bawling, "Fire at the fair grounds! All men bring buckets and shovels!" Hands pointed to a thin column of smoke rising in the distance.

The fair grounds afire meant catastrophe for the town. The rodeo was scheduled to open the next day. Even as they watched, the smoke spread into a low cloud. Already some men were on the way on horseback and in buckboards carrying equipment. Tommy started to climb aboard a buckboard when he was hauled short by Joe Butler.

"Stay put, boy," ordered Joe. "Back to the livery. Keep your eye on those ponies. We'll take care of the fire."

Tommy started to argue, but then he climbed down from the wagon and watched all the men in town head out to the fire. Alone, he turned toward the livery when an impulse propelled him to the general store for a look at the hat.

Later, when his conscience drove Tommy from the store, he hurried down Main Street to the livery.

He opened the door to the terrifying smell of smoke. It edged out from one of the stalls. Had the fire from the fair grounds spread so far that it was burning up the town? He was about to run out to sound the fire bell when he saw a figure moving toward a stall. It was Brud Quealey!

"Brud! What are you doing here? Why aren't you out at the fire with the others?" called out Tommy, as a terrible suspicion raced through his mind.

Brud wheeled sharply in surprise. With a snarl he jumped at Tommy, his features twisted in anger and hate.

"You're trying to burn the horses! You want to kill Starbuck!" shouted Tommy with the evil face almost on top of him. For a moment he stood almost paralyzed before the advancing Brud. At the last second, as Brud's hands were reaching out for him, Tommy twisted

out from under and leaped up the ladder into the dark loft.

Slowly, ominously, Brud followed him up, threatening in a terrible voice, "You're not getting away from me, Tommy Flanders. You're the only one who knows what I'm doing here and you won't live to tell the story. They'll think this fire was started accidentally by you." He laughed eerily.

The smoke was beginning to collect in the corner where Tommy hid overlooking the stalls. Terrified as he was, he saw the horses champing nervously, nostrils flared and high pitched cries sounding from upflung heads.

Brud pushed aside bales of hay, old harness and saddles rotten with age. He turned suddenly at a noise on his right. The gathering smoke had caused Tommy to cough. He ran out, nearly knocking Brud down, but felt his arm gripped in iron, and an open handed blow across his face.

"Smart kid, eh?" The leering face spat out the words. "Thought you'd get away. Well, I've got you. And I've got your friend Jess Henry. While he's out fighting that brushfire I set at the fair grounds, that horse of his will be turned into meat for the wolves. Let's see him take the belt tomorrow with some second string mount!"

Tommy was stunned at Brud's revelation that he had set two fires. But while Brud was talking, Tommy's free hand was moving slowly toward the six shooter strapped to Brud's leg. He had two fingers on the grip when Brud's eye caught him. The sudden movement of Brud striking at his arm sent the gun flying out of the holster in a high arc across the loft into a stall below. Brud's rage was beast-like. He had to get that gun! If it were left behind, it would be clear evidence against him, even with Tommy silenced.

Spying a length of rope, Brud tied Tommy's hands to a pole and climbed down to search for the gun. Small tongues of flame were licking at the pine walls of the empty stall where Brud had started the fire. The terrified crying of the horses rose as the smoke blew toward them in short gusts.

In his haste Brud had tied a loose knot around Tommy's wrists. By working his hands back and forth Tommy managed to slip out one hand and then the other. On tiptoe he found a long lariat that Joe had left there.

He climbed along a beam pole to the highest point of the stable just under the roof.

First he opened a small trap door. The smoke rushed out like an Indian signal Tommy hoped the men would see at the fair grounds. Then he tied one end of the lariat to the pole as Brud, having found the gun, climbed back to the loft. Just as Brud reached the top rung of the ladder, Tommy launched himself into the air, holding the other end of the lariat. His boots caught the unprepared Brud solidly across the chest and swept him onto the floor below. As Tommy swung back in the pendulum, he saw Brud lying unconscious.

Back on the stable floor, Tommy ran to the stalls and led the first two horses into position for a dash through the door. Tommy and the high bred ponies streaked through a wall of living flame. He tied them to a hitching rack across the road and plunged back into the smoky furnace. He lost track of time as he moved in and out of the devilish flames that licked at him from all sides.

Starbuck rebelled and kicked at him with his forelegs. From the next stall he climbed up and dropped perilously onto Starbuck's bare back, digging his boots in. The great horse bounded into the inferno and raced through the fire framed door to the clean air. Then, almost unable to stand, Tommy slogged back into the conflagration and grasped the inert Brud under the arms. He dragged him across the scorched floor to safety and fell across him as the first horsemen returned from the fair grounds in a forced ride . . .

BEFORE the Rodeo opened the next day, an unscheduled ceremony took place. A fourteen-year-old boy with unruly straw hair was escorted to the grandstand by the Mayor, the Sheriff and all the contestants. The Mayor made a speech describing Tommy's heroism in catching Quealey and saving the horses, making possible the Rodeo.

As he finished, he drew from behind him a large box familiar to Tommy. From it he took out the Four X Stetson and placed it on Tommy's head. It fitted perfectly. Tommy was so happy he could hardly stammer out a thank you and wave to the crowd.

Joe Butler beamed down at him. "I guess you didn't have to wait until you were twenty-four to get that hat after all."

THE END

MOLASSES MOUTH



SMOKY TOPIC

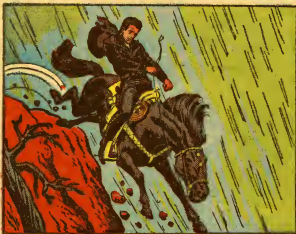
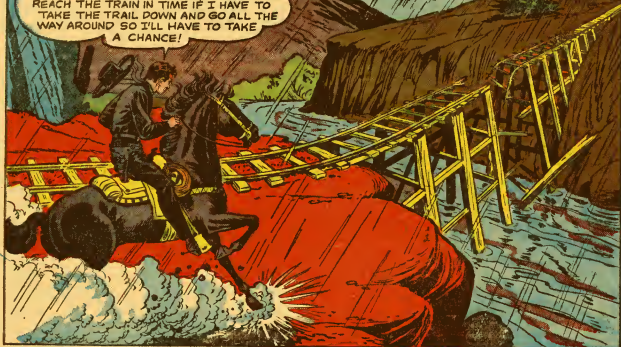


Lash LARUE

and
THE CIRCUS TRAIN
CALAMITY!

TOOT!
TOOT!

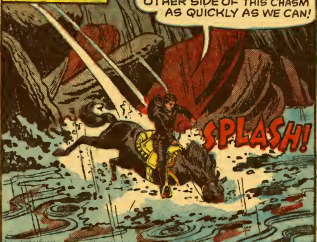
YIPES! THE RAILROAD
BRIDGE IS DOWN! AND I CAN
HEAR A TRAIN APPROACHING IN THE
DISTANCE! IN THIS STORM IT'S HARD TO
SEE AHEAD! IF THE ENGINEER'S NOT
WARNED, THE WHOLE TRAIN'S LIABLE TO
PLUNGE OVER THE CHASM! I'LL NEVER
REACH THE TRAIN IN TIME IF I HAVE TO
TAKE THE TRAIL DOWN AND GO ALL THE
WAY AROUND SO I'LL HAVE TO TAKE
A CHANCE!



DISREGARDING HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY,
THE ROVING MARSHAL MAKES A DEATH-DEFYING
LEAP TO THE RAGING RIVER BELOW!

AND MAKES
IT SAFELY!

GOOD BOY, RUSH! NOW
WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB THE
OTHER SIDE OF THIS CHASM
AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN!





THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ON THAT TRAIN DEPEND ON OUR REACHING THAT TRAIN BEFORE IT REACHES THE BRINK OF THE CHASM!



WE MADE IT, BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THAT ENGINEER TO HEAR US ABOVE THE ROAR OF HIS ENGINE!

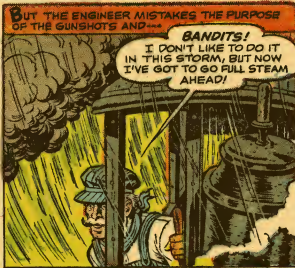


STANDING ON THE TRACK WOULD DO NO GOOD BECAUSE IN THIS STORM THERE'S NO MORE CHANCE OF HIS SEEING US THAN THERE IS OF HIS SEEING THAT THE BRIDGE IS DOWN IN TIME!



PERHAPS IF I SHOOT MY GUNS, IT'LL TIP THE ENGINEER OFF THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG AHEAD!

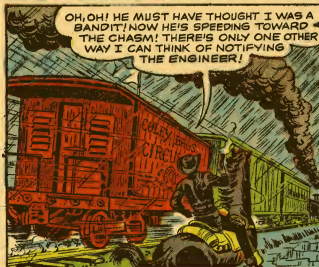
BANG! BANG!



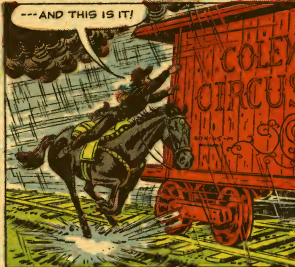
BUT THE ENGINEER MISTAKES THE PURPOSE OF THE GUNSHOTS AND—

BANDITS!

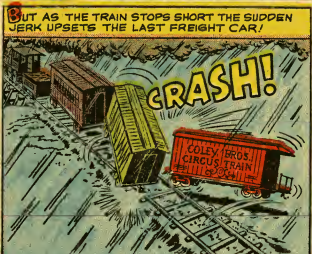
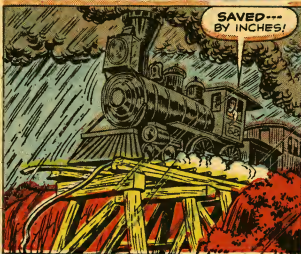
I DON'T LIKE TO DO IT IN THIS STORM, BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GO FULL STEAM AHEAD!



OH, OH! HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS A BANDIT! NOW HE'S SPEEDING TOWARD THE CHASM! THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY I CAN THINK OF NOTIFYING THE ENGINEER!



---AND THIS IS IT!



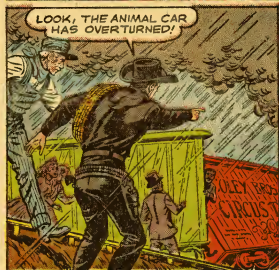


HELP! ONE OF THE LIONS ESCAPED!



LION? WHAT LION?

THIS IS THE COLEY BROTHERS CIRCUS TRAIN! IT MUST BE ONE OF THE WILD LIONS FROM THE ANIMAL ACT!



LOOK, THE ANIMAL CAR HAS OVERTURNED!



WHEN THE CAR TURNED OVER, THE LOCK ON THE CAGE SNAPPED! I TRIED TO STOP THE LION FROM ESCAPING, BUT THE CAGE FELL ON ME! MY LEG FEELS AS IF IT'S BROKEN!

YOU'D BETTER GET A DOCTOR TO LOOK AT HIM RIGHT AWAY!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LION? HE'S NORMALLY VICIOUS! AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, HE'S HUNGRY NOW! IF HE'S NOT CAPTURED RIGHT AWAY, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE HE'S LIABLE TO KILL WHILE ROAMING AROUND!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HANDLE THAT BEAST! NO ONE ELSE IN THE CIRCUS WOULD DARE GO AFTER HIM!

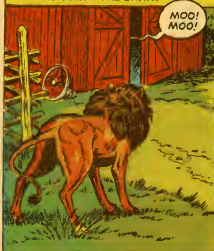


THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH SO I'LL GO AFTER HIM! SOME OF YOU GET A CAGE AND FOLLOW ME!



THE RAIN HAS MADE THE GROUND SO SOFT, THE LION HAS MADE A TRAIL OF PAWPRINTS! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM DOWN!

MEANWHILE THE ANGRY LION HAS WANDERED TOWARD A CATTLE RANCH AND IS ATTRACTED BY THE SOUNDS COMING FROM THE BARN!



AND THE HUNGRY BEAST ATTACKS THE HELPLESS COW!



BUT THE DYING SHRIEKS OF THE COW BRING THE RANCH OWNER, BORELL, RUNNING!

IT'S A LION! AND HE'S KILLED ONE OF MY PRIZE HEIFERS ALREADY!



I'VE GOT TO SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE DOES ANY MORE DAMAGE!



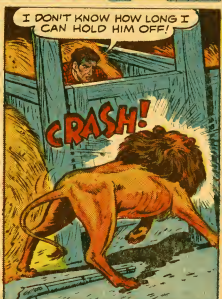
BUT BEFORE BORELL CAN TAKE AIM---



THIS EMPTY STALL WILL HAVE TO DO!



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN HOLD HIM OFF!



MEANWHILE---

THE TRACKS LEAD RIGHT TO THAT BARN! I'LL LOCK THE DOOR AND THEN WAIT UNTIL THOSE FELLOWS GET HERE WITH THAT CAGE!



BUT AS LASH PEEKS IN TO MAKE SURE THE LION IS STILL IN THE BARN---

HELP!
HELP!

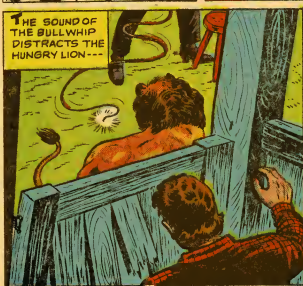
OH, OH! TO TRY TO SHOOT THAT LION DOWN NOW WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS! IF I DIDN'T KILL HIM RIGHT OFF, A WOUNDED BEAST WILL BE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS TO HANDLE!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD THIS WILL DO, BUT WHENEVER I WENT TO THE CIRCUS, I NOTICED THAT THE LION TAMERS USED A WHIP WHENEVER THEY WENT INTO A CAGE WITH THE BIG CATS!



THE SOUND OF THE BULLWHIP DISTRACTS THE HUNGRY LION---

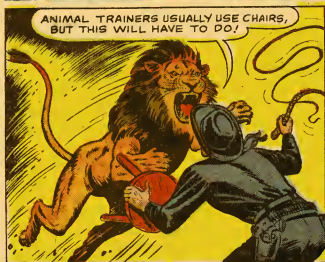


--- AND HE FORGETS HIS CORNERED PREY AND TURNS ON LASH LARUE!

BE CAREFUL, STRANGER, HE'S A REAL KILLER!



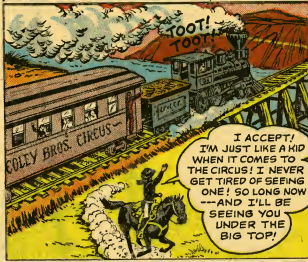
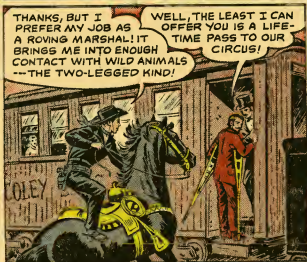
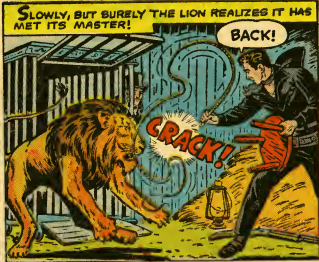
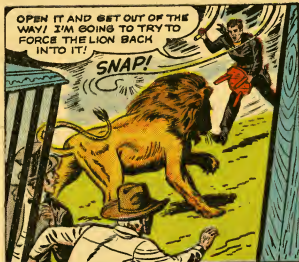
ANIMAL TRAINERS USUALLY USE CHAIRS, BUT THIS WILL HAVE TO DO!



WE'VE GOT THE CAGE, NOW WHAT?

BACK!
BACK!





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